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The Small Atlantic Island

Chapter 001

The Martin's Meet Their Fate

Russell Martin, all six feet one inch of him, sat at the top of the eight row bleacher seats that lined either side of the main skin field where the softball game for the eight and under travel team was playing. His twin daughters, Meagan and Marissa were on the field each in their preferred position. Meagan was at third base and her sister was in right field. Both girls had exceptionally strong arms and could play any position, but each preferred exactly where they were playing. Russell was surprised to find that none of the other parents were sitting in the stands. He liked to be high enough so he could see the entire field of play as his girls made some easy plays as well as some not so easy.

Marissa was known to catch a fly ball in deep right center field and throw out a runner leaving third for home. Meagan had speed and an uncanny ability to stop hot grounders and make pinpoint throws to first base well before the runner arrived. Both girls were tall and thin for their age. Meagan was two minutes forty-one seconds older than her sister. Both were three years younger than their brother, Matthew, who was across the ball fields playing Little League Baseball. His mother Martha, all five feet eleven inches of her, was sitting in a lawn chair behind the plate keeping her son's pitch count and statistics as she watched him throw one base runner short of a perfect game.

Russell and Martha Martin moved to The Small Atlantic Island just a few short weeks ago. The island is located several miles south of the tip of the eastern end of Long Island. Access to the island is via a small private ferry that ran only when residents had a need to go to the mainland and then return. The ferry was owned by the family that settled the island. In fact, everything on the island was owned by Nathaniel Norman Northridge. He inherited it from his father who had inherited it from his father and so on back through history. The family settled the island in the early 1100's and it was thought that the original settlers arrived from somewhere in Scandinavia. Although there was a complete ancestral lineage in the private library of Nathaniel Northridge most of the earliest recordings were faded due to lack of proper storage. The family never once ceded their ownership to anyone else or to the State of New York after the United States was founded. Mr. Northridge or Sir, as he was called by all the residents was respected and loved by all who resided on the island. He and his wife were gracious owners of the land, the housing, and the businesses that provided income for the residents.

Every resident was vetted before being offered employment by Mr. Northridge. If the individual did not meet Mr. Northridge's stiff requirements, no offer of employment was forthcoming. Once an individual was offered employment and accepted, he or she was invited to the island to pick a place to reside from the available houses. One of the best benefits was the faux mortgage the residents paid. Mr. Northridge's grandfather thought up the idea to

enable the residents to save money beyond what they received as their retirement benefit. The residents were given a list of mutual and money market funds to choose where their money was going to be invested. What they did not know was all of the funds were controlled by the Northridge family and as any mutual fund may gain or lose money, the Northridge family continued to gain from the industry average maintenance fee they charged.

It was just before the top of the fifth inning when Mr. Northridge arrived at the softball game. He saw where Russell was sitting and made his way up and sat next to him. Considering the entire set of bleachers were empty, it surprised Russell when Mr. Northridge sat right next to him on his left leaving absolutely no room between them.

"Hello Mr. Northridge," said Russell. "Did not know you enjoyed coming to the ball fields."

"I do," he replied. "And do you have a special interest in this game?" Nathaniel Northridge knew why he was at the game and so did every other adult attending a Little League Baseball or Softball game. If it were the dead of winter, the meeting would have taken place in the gymnasium where basketball, volleyball, and indoor hockey were played.

"Yes, my daughters Marissa and Meagan are on the field now. Marissa is in right and Meagan is at third."

Mr. Northridge feigning a small lack of knowledge pointed at the girls and said, "Ah, yes. Two beautiful young ladies. I don't recall. How old are they?"

"Seven, Mr. Northridge," replied Russell as he felt the man's leg press against his. Both men were tall and in shorts so it was not just cloth that made contact.

"I see the have their hair braided," he noted as his cock began to grow. "How long is their hair?"

Russell tried to keep his eyes on the game, but every so often he would glance down at his employer's crotch. It was readily apparent that Mr. Northridge was very well endowed. He tried to keep from looking, but every so often he was caught not looking, but staring. "Um, their hair is stick straight and falls just below their shoulders. They braid it to keep it out of their eyes," he replied. His voice was cracking from the stress he was beginning to feel as it coursed throughout his body.

"Must be nice when it is down," said Nathaniel. "If you're interested, then why don't you just look and not be afraid to do so."

Russell looked at him with shock, but did not respond. He felt Mr. Northridge's right arm and hand wrap around his shoulders. The move was more than evident to Russell. He froze for a moment as he stared into his employer's eyes. "H-h-here?" he stuttered trying with all his might to control his speech.

"Of course here," replied Nathaniel. "If anyone takes notice, they will not say or do anything. Just relax, get comfortable, and do what you know you want and have to do."

Russell tried to move away from Mr. Northridge. He was stopped by the pressure of his right arm and hand. He felt him press his shoulders downwards and towards his crotch. He'd heard stories, but did not believe them. Now, he was sitting watching his daughters play softball as his employer pushed his head down to the prominent outline of his growing cock. He closed his eyes and allowed his head to be pressed down to the snake like shape of what had to be the largest cock he'd ever seen.

"Don't be shy Russell," said Nathaniel in a clam but strong voice. "You've already had my cock in your mouth."

Frightened, Russell turned his head to face his employer and stuttered again, "I-I-I d-d-did? W-w-when?"

Nathaniel smiled, removed his arm from his shoulder, patted back of Russell's head, and said, "In the adult bookstore you go to when your hunger to suck cock overtakes you. Remember, I vet all my employees. In fact, you've

sucked me off three times. I was impressed with your abilities and your transgendered self-image. I was amazed to see you enter the men's room dressed as a man and exit as a tall, lanky, sexually enticing shemale."

Russell Martin closed his eyes, bowed his head, and submissively said, "What do you want from me?"

"I want you to slip down to the bench below me and sit sideways between my legs. Then when you are comfortable and ready rest your lips around the shaft of what will become known to you as Master. When your sissy self emerges, open my pants, unzip the zipper, reach in, and take your Master out."

"Please Mr. Northridge," moaned Russell, "not here. Not in front of my girls and the rest of the residents."

"I know you're afraid," said Nathaniel. To a man or a woman, they all were afraid of having to fellate their boss or their spouse's boss for the first time in public. Mr. Northridge made it known that it was mandatory for it to happen in public. He continued, "Don't be. In fact, I can help you. Stand and go to the men's room behind these bleachers. Inside you will find an electric razor, a manual razor, shaving cream, and depilatory. Lock the door if it will make you feel comfortable and safe. There is a shower in that men's room. Take one and remove all the hair on your body from the neck down. Dry yourself and use the body lotion so you won't have razor burn and it will help keep your skin girly soft. Behind the maintenance room door is clothing and shoes. Put them on. Leave your male clothing behind. No one will take it. Then return to me."

"Please Mr. Northridge," pleaded Russell, "not here. My family does not know about my desire to dress and be sexual dressed as a woman. My wife will go crazy. I won't be able to face my children. Please!!!"

"You have only been here a few weeks Russell," said Mr. Northridge, "and Martha knows more than you think. You'll be surprised at how much she knows and understands you and your need to feel feminine. I'm not going to ask nicely a third time. Please, do as I request."

Russell Martin did not say anything to his employer about his wife's knowledge or lack of knowledge as it pertained to his cross-dressing. He rose and made his way to the specific men's room. Inside he found everything including female clothing that could only be defined as a whore's working outfit. He tried to figure out what would be the worst thing that Mr. Northridge would or could do to him if he did not comply with his wishes. Russell stepped into the shower, turned on the water, urinated out of fear, and began the process of removing all the hair on his body below his neck. As much as he was disgusted by what he was ordered to do, inside he was all aflutter at becoming a sissy. Removing his hair was something he had desired to do, but could not because he had kept his feminine desires hidden from his wife. Their relationship was going to change this evening. All Russell could do was hope and pray for a better than good outcome.

Fifteen minutes after he departed, Russell arrived at the base of the bleachers. As he walked towards the ball field he saw on the scoreboard that it was the top of the seventh inning. He knew the game would be ending when the opposing team scored the third out, because his daughter's team was the home team and were in the lead. He looked up at his employer, forced a smile, and walked up the bleachers very carefully. He had worn heels when dressed at the adult bookstore, but he had never climbed steps or worn heels that were six inches high. On his legs were black striped lace topped thigh high stockings. Around his waist was a short pleated black satin and lace miniskirt. On his torso was a matching halter top that covered the small false breasts that he glued to his hairless chest. His shoulder length hair framed his face which he had made up with the cosmetics he found with the clothing. Covering his small penis and balls was a black satin thong. The rear strap passed between his ass cheeks and as he walked he could feel the material rub against his virgin anus.

He carefully stepped up the bleachers and like a good girl sat sidesaddle on the bench below, but between Mr. Northridge's legs. Russell bowed his head and said, "Please Mr. Northridge I'm begging you to let me return to the men's room and change back into my clothing. I'll do anything you ask, but please don't embarrass me."

"Not a chance," Mr. Northridge stated somewhat emphatically. "Anyone and everyone who sees you dressed and witnesses you sucking my cock knows you are learning who your true Master is and will be for the rest of your natural life. Some of them have experienced what you will be experiencing. Others will surreptitiously grab their genitals knowing that sometime in the future their cock or cunts will be suckled by you."

Russell Martin sat wide eyed and stunned at what his employer just said. He shook his head side-to-side and quietly moaned, "No-o-o-o. . ."

"Russell, just do as I told you because your Master is in need of some relief from seeing your beautiful daughters."

Hearing the word daughters come from his employer's mouth broke him from his submissive reverie. "Oh my God," cried Russell. "So, what I heard about you is true."

Nathaniel reached behind Russell's head, pressed it towards his crotch, and said, "It will become easier and easier, if you just accept what is to be. The game is almost over and no matter how you try to stall the inevitable, it will only delay what you know you want and are expected to do. So, let me feel you open my pants and take your Master into your mouth. He needs to feel your lips and tongue. He needs to fill your mouth with his love for your family."

He turned his head to tried and look into his employer's eyes, but was denied by the strength of his arm. Russell sighed, moved his right hand to the belt and pulled it open. He then released the button and pulled the zipper, and slid it open. He reached in and was surprised to find that his boss was not wearing any underwear. He felt the heat of the man's genitals and the fact that he was smooth with no pubic hair. He wrapped his thin feminine fingers around the shaft and freed it from inside the pants. His eyes widened as he tried to remember sucking him as he saw the size of his employer's cock. It had to be ten to eleven inches and it was not even fully erect. His body shook as he opened his mouth and placed the head inside. He closed his lips around the glans and with a practiced tongue began to swirl it around and around. As he began to fellate his boss, he felt the arm that held him relax and the hand gently rest on the back of his head.

"That's what I expected," said Nathaniel. "Suck your Master and don't be shy about it. I believe a cocksucker never forgets the texture and taste of a cock he's sucked. Don't be shy because no one will say anything about witnessing your act of fellatio or speak directly about it to you when they see you later or at work tomorrow."

Russell Martin knew he was starting down a road that he had hoped would never happen. As a boy he stole his sister's panties, he had sucked a few cocks while wearing them, but once he married Martha, his desire for sating his need to suck cock and swallow cum was held in abeyance for long periods. Now, he knew his family would know about his feminine and bisexual desires. As his mouth surrounded the hardening cock, he heard the game end. Russell tried to pull his head off, but was stopped by the strength of Nathaniel's hand. He heard footsteps coming up the bleachers. His mind went crazy with fear and loathing for what he was doing in public.

"Daddy," cried Martha and Marissa in unison.

He tried to respond but was held in place.

"What are you doing? And, why are you dressed that way?" asked Marissa. Both girls' eyes were wide open at seeing their father in a short sexy miniskirt with another man's penis in his mouth.

Mr. Northridge smiling answered, "He is providing pleasure to his Master. Come closer girls and watch."

Both youngsters stopped two rows below where their father and his employer sat. They were frightened but curious. Neither girl had seen an adult man's penis before. They had secretly looked at their brother's penis, but it was nowhere near the size of the penis inside their father's mouth.

Mr. Northridge did not want them to stand where they were. His face and eyes showed his anger. He bent forward slightly and pointed to the bench directly in front of where he was seated. "Marissa and Meagan come sit. Please do not make me angry."

Both girls exchanged glances and did as the man asked. They sat on the opposite side of their father sideways and per instructions watched as their father sucked the penis Mr. Northridge called their father's Master.

Martha Martin arrived with their son and was instructed by Mr. Northridge to sit her son next to him. She was told to sit one row below her daughters and to watch. She was astounded at the size of his equipment. Martha had never seen a cock that large, but it validated what she had been told about his size. Her first thoughts were about what was happening in the middle of the ball fields as other residents gathered their children. She saw them look up, nod, and continue on their way. They did not cover their children's eyes or hurry past the public sexual encounter that was happening at the top of the bleachers. It took a moment for her to comprehend that it was her husband dressed as a woman sucking their boss' cock.

"Matthew," said Mr. Northridge, "you will learn to do dress and do what your father is doing. He is sucking his Master and you too will perform the same obligation. I want you to stand and remove your baseball pants and underwear." He looked at Martha and said, "Pick one of your daughters and have her remove her panties. Give them to Matthew so he can put them on. From this moment on, both men in your family will wear panties underneath their pants."

"No-o-o-o," cried Matthew.

Nathaniel did not respond well to his cry. He used his left hand to unceremoniously slap the boy across his face hard enough to leave a hand shaped red mark. "You are not a man by any stretch of your imagination. I can readily see by the size of your penis it will be called a sissy clit. Therefore, you are a sissy-in-training. You will do as I say willingly or I will force you to learn what is expected of you."

Mrs. Martin was too stunned to react to the physical punishment meted out by her and her husband's employer. She turned to her girls and told them to remove their softball shorts and their panties. Both girls did as she asked and handed their panties to their mother. She held the cotton panties and offered them to her son. When he did not pick a pair she made the decision for him. He took the proffered panties from her hand. He made a face because they were pink with white piping around the waist and legs.

"Put these on and do not make a scene," she said. Martha knew sexual things were going to happen, but she never thought it would happen where anyone walking around the ball fields would witness the activity.

The girls remained standing. Their softball shirts did not cover their hairless vaginas. Mr. Northridge noticed that neither girl had begun puberty. The skin of their genitals was smooth as the day they were born. He unconsciously licked his lips as his mind thought about how sweet they would taste. His cock fluttered as his sexual thoughts of feeling their smooth vaginas surrounding his cock brought his desires to the forefront.

"Martha remove your skirt and your panties," he said as his hand guided Russell's head up and down his shaft.

"Here?" asked Martha incredulously even though she had direct knowledge of Mr. Northridge's sexual appetite and his hiring of couples that would easily fall under his Svengali like spell.

"Yes here," he demanded. "As I have told your cock sucking husband, there is nothing to be ashamed of. The residents here are well versed in the sexual happenings whether they be in public or private. Now, do as I say."

Martha Martin stood. Mr. Northridge was impressed with her height, her physical stature, and incredible beauty. She unzipped the side zipper to her skirt, and let it fall into a pile around her feet. She stepped out of the tan cotton skirt and shaking like a leaf removed her panties. When she was bare from the waist down, she tried to cover her bush, but was immediately told to keep her hands by her side.

"I am amazed that both you and your cock sucking husband have very similar legs. They are shaped nearly the same and are quite exquisite. I also see you have a nice bush surrounding your vagina," said Nathaniel. "I want you to walk to the women's restroom behind the bleachers. Inside you will find a small electric razor, a manual razor, shaving cream, and a bottle of depilatory. I want you to remove all the hair that surrounds your cunt. When you return it should be as hairless as the day you entered this world through your mother's vagina. From this moment on, you will always be clean shaven down there. You will do the same for your son and verify that your husband has performed his

duty to remove his hair as he has already done. They will be hairless from the neck down. When your girls begin puberty, they too will be shaven. As a residents of this island and employees of my businesses, your life will be mine to do with as I please. Now go."

Martha Marin was shaken but did as her boss demanded. She did not say a word in response to his demands. When she entered the restroom she found a small medicine chest with the items he said would be there. Before she began to remove the hair surrounding her pussy, she looked in the mirror and shook her head. Nothing had prepared her for what was happening on the bleachers. She was stunned to see her husband willingly sucking Mr. Northridge humongous cock while dressed in drag. The fact that her children were witnessing the total debasement of their parents made her want to wretch. Inside she knew her girls would be used and abused by Mr. Northridge and most likely his wife. Martha leaned against the tile wall, slid to the floor, and broke out in tears. She had forgotten about why she had come to the restroom. Martha lost all track of time.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mr. Northridge as his cock slid deeper into Russell's mouth and throat. He was getting impatient. He turned to Matthew and said, "Go to the restroom and tell your mother that is she is not here with her pussy clean shaven, I will fuck both your sisters up their asses without the aid of any lubrication."

Matthew looked scared and without a response made his way to the restroom. The tails of his baseball jersey covered the panties he was wearing, but the thought of walking to the restroom and passing some of his teammates made his shudder. He nodded to the man that had his father's mouth around his cock and made his way to the ladies restroom.

He entered to find his mother on the floor crying her eyes out. He knelt next to her and said, "Please mom hurry. Mr. Northridge said if you do not return in a short period of time with no hair around your privates, he will fuck both girls up their asses. Please mom!!! Tell me what I can do to help you."

Mrs. Martin shook the cobwebs out of her head, wiped her face with her hands, and said, "Go back and tell him I will be there shortly."

"Are you sure?" Matthew asked.

"Yes," she replied. "Now go!!!"

As he departed the ladies restroom, two boys that were on the opposing team saw him. They stopped, opened their baseball pants to reveal that each of them were wearing a pair of sexy thong panties. They smiled at Matthew, closed their pants, and continued on their way. Matthew stood with his mouth agape as they walked slowly past him. The closest boy said, "Some of us wear panties. Others with more manly cocks wear white boxer briefs. You'll learn your place as it is dictated by Mr. Northridge and you will accept all that happens."

Matthew's cock began to stir, but he stopped himself from getting an erection. He made his way back to the bleachers to find Mr. Northridge smelling Martha's pussy. He returned to his place on the left side of Mr. Northridge and said, "My mother will be her shortly."

Nathaniel inhaled savoring the smell of a prepubescent virgin vagina. He moved his head and said, "I hope you're right young man, because if she isn't here shortly, your sister's ass will be impaled upon my cock without the aid of any lubrication. Do you know what that will feel like?"

"Um, no," replied the frightened boy.

"She will scream bloody murder as tears of pain roll down her face," said Mr. Northridge with the calmness of a man resting in an easy chair although he was sexually charged as Matthew's father sucked his cock. "My cock will rip through her anal sphincter and she will bleed profusely as is bounce her sweet body on my cock. When I'm done with her, I will do the same to Marissa. They will not walk or shit comfortably for weeks. I would bet that they will need to go to the hospital for surgery to fix their rectums."

Both girls began to cry when they heard what the man they just met was going to do to them. Mr. Northridge slapped Martha's ass and forced his nose between her legs. He rubbed it between the lips of her virgin vagina. The smell of her juices was intoxicating. His cock strained as he controlled his need to spew his man seed into their father's mouth. Russell Martin heard everything that was said and to his chagrin, his cock grew in his panties. The tenting of his panties was plainly obvious to his children and Mr. Northridge.

"See," said Nathaniel. "See how your father responds to his Master. His sissy clit is growing in his panties. I bet he wishes it was free so he could play with it as he sucks his Master."

Mr. Northridge grabbed a handful of Russell's hair and pulled his head so his cock slipped from his mouth. It was covered in saliva and mucous. He pulled Russell up enough to look into his eyes and said, "Tell me what you'd like to do sissy Russell. Tell me what is making your sissy clit hard."

Russell Martin closed his eyes. He was embarrassed and frightened. He quickly looked at his children and saw their fright. No matter how much he wanted to return to the life he had before he moved to Little Atlantic Island, he knew it would never happen. His wife and daughters would be become whores for his boss. His son would be trained to be a sissy cocksucker. Their life would be spent servicing the cocks of real men. Russell knew if he did not answer his boss, it would be taken out on his son and not on him.

"My Master is making my cock hard," replied Russell. "The feeling of him entering my mouth and throat brings pleasure to me. It shows by my hard cock."

Nathaniel laughed as he said, "If I am correct Russell, your cock is no bigger than your pinky. It is small in length and just as thin. How you created these two beautiful girls is a wonder. I can see that your son takes after you. It will be a pleasure to teach him to satisfy real me with his mouth and boy pussy. I shall enjoy taking his cherry and coating his insides with my seed. He will bend over for me, as will you, when I tell him to. In fact, I'll wager you that both of you will come to me and beg me to use your pussies to pleasure your Master. From this moment on, you will never call your genital a cock. It is and will be forever known as your sissy clit."

"Yes sir," said Russell. "My sissy clit rises because my Master is receiving pleasure from my pussy mouth."

"How true Russell," said Nathaniel. "In time, I will find a proper female name for you and your soon to be sissy son."

Martha Martin climbed the bleachers. Her crotch felt different as the air passed between her legs. She stopped one level below where her boss sat with his cock exposed and rampantly hard. Martha unconsciously licked her lips. Her body revealed her desire when she felt her pussy get wet. She spread her legs and said, "Mr. Northridge, I have complied with your wishes. I have removed all the hair from between my legs. I hope you approve."

"Step closer," he said.

Martha did as he asked. She drew a breath when he felt the index finger of his left hand slide between her labia. She did not move as he slid it back and forced it into her body. He finger fucked her in front of her husband and her children. When he was content that she would not fight his invasion of her body, he pulled his finger from her cunt and slipped it into his mouth.

"You taste divine Martha," he cooed. "For a woman who has passed three children through your cunt, your vaginal juices still taste sweet. I can't wait to lick you to an orgasm and then slide up your body and fill you with a cock that will forever own your body. I want you to masturbate your Master as your husband sucks it. I want your children to watch as you and your sissy husband brings your Master to his orgasmic end all over his sissy face."

Mr. Northridge stood and pulled Russell's head back to his cock. He felt the new sissy's lips surround the head and his tongue begin to circle and caress the glans. To his amazement, Martha moved opposite her husband, sat, and wrapped her soft hands around Mr. Northridge's shaft. She gently began to masturbate her Master as her husband made oral love to him. Nathaniel leaned back to give his new residents easy access to his cock and their

new Master. He smiled at the children as they watched in awe and fear as their parents' pleased then man they knew would take them as his own sexual playthings.

"Oh how sweet it is," cooed Nathaniel. "I'm close."

The children looked at each other not understanding what he meant by close.

Nathaniel saw the questioning look on their faces. He smiled and said, "Russell when I cum, let your children see me spew my seed onto your face. Allow them to see how your Master marks you as his."

The sexual action lasted another ten minutes. Martha felt her Master become harder in her hands. Russell felt the head expand in his mouth. He released his lips and placed his face in front of the piss slit. He did not know what to expect. Nathaniel arched his back and groaned. His cock head expanded a bit further and to Russell's and Martha's surprise eight strong ropes of cum shot out of his cock. To assure that his face was coated with the thick white ejaculate, he moved his head to assure none of his Master's seed missed its mark.

Nathaniel recovered from his orgasm and if this was a different place and time, he would have felt his cocksucker swallow as he expended his seed into his or her mouth. He would not have to worry about his need to piss after his orgasm because all of his cocksuckers knew to keep their Master in their mouth pussy so they could drink his yellow offering. He relaxed and allowed his cock to shrink back to its tumescent state.

"Children," he said, "look at your father's face. His Master has marked him forever to be nothing more than a sissy. See what you will enjoy when I'm finished training you."

Matthew, Marissa, and Meagan moved so they could see the white liquid that coated their father's face. Neither of them said anything. They looked at the liquid amazed at the power of its explosion from the tip of Mr. Northridge's cock. Each of them stepped back when they had seen enough.

"Do not lick or try to remove my seed from your face, said Nathaniel to Russell.

Each of them watched as Russell closed his eyes and forced himself to maintain his equilibrium as the hot cum began to cool on his face.

"The family will walk home as you are presently attired or not attired," said Mr. Northridge. "Do not be embarrassed. Some families will look but not stare. They have passed through the same humiliation as you just did. There are a few select families that will smile, grab their crotches, and swipe their tongues against the inside of a cheek in the universal sign of a cocksucker. These men and women will in time have use of each of you for their pleasure. For now, they will smile knowingly that the Martin family has been marked as whores, cuckolds, and sissies."

Russell and Martha nodded their heads accepting their new place in the environment of Little Atlantic Island. The children, notwithstanding what they just witnessed, were scared and curious at the same time. The family watched Mr. Northridge close his pants and sit back down. He obnoxiously rubbed his crotch before he stood up to leave.

"Good," said Nathaniel as he rose from the bleacher seat. "Tomorrow, both of you will come to corporate headquarters. You will be brought to my office. Russell, you will show me your panties and if you're smart you will be wearing thigh highs and a camisole. Martha, you will not wear any underwear. I have decided to take your husband's anal cherry in front of you. You will watch as I make his ass my pussy. He will cry in pain and after a time his cries of pain will change to moans of deep seated pleasure. You will hear him beg for his Master to fuck him harder and harder. When his Master is through I guarantee there will be a puddle of his useless sissy milk on the floor. He will have attained the first of many sissy anal orgasms. From tomorrow morning forward, the only way he will be able to feel a form of sexual satisfaction will be when his ass pussy is filled with a man's cock. I will train you to use a strap-on on him to milk his sissy eggs. As for Matthew, after you have removed all his hair below his neck, you will begin training his pussy by gently rubbing his anal rosebud without penetrating him. If he ejaculates from the stimulation, congratulate him. You must train him to feel sexually invigorated as his boy pussy is caressed. You must reinforce his

ability to achieve anal orgasms. Now go home and talk about what happened here this afternoon. And, most importantly, welcome to the family."